

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1814.

[NO 36

## MONTRAVERS AND LAVINIA;

OR,

ONE WINTER IN LONDON.

(Continued.)

NEARLY two years had elapsed from the period of his aunt's decease, to the moment when we introduced him to the acquaintance of our readers; during which time he had passed some months in the gay regions of the Capital, (where the late Miss Montravers usually passed her winters) had visited his favourite seat in Gloucestershire, and after a variety of excursions to different parts of the kingdom, had resolved to indulge his passion for fishing, and exploring the romantic scenery of nature, amid the wild recesses of the north; when chancing to become, as already related, benighted on his way across the Fens to Coniston, he was led to the abode of Mr. Chesterton, situated in one of the most picturesque, romantic vallies, in the vicinity of that beautiful piece of water, so justly celebrated for the interesting loveliness and grandeur of its surrounding scenery, where, to use the language of one of the first poets,

The "hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
Here earth and water seem to strive again:  
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,  
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd."  
*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

As our pains and pleasures are often judged of by contrasts, the change which the two last hours had made in the situation of Montravers, produced a considerable change in his feelings, and inspired him with spirits to support an animated conversation with his friendly host, with whom he was delighted, and the continuance of whose acquaintance, a secret impulse prompted him to wish to cultivate; while, on the part of Mr. Chesterton, good humour, affability, and hospitality displayed themselves; and as he "gaily pressed and smil'd," and felt unusually pleased with the manners and conversation of his guest, the lapse of time was unheeded, and the morning dawned and peeped through the shutters of the casement, ere either thought of retiring to repose. In the course of conversation, Montravers learned that his host had pursued the military profession, till bad health and declining years, led him to relinquish the idea of continuing it; when having retired upon half pay, with an only daughter and an orphan niece, he had, about three years previous to that period, fixed his abode in the vicinity of Coniston; where, in almost entire seclusion from society, their days were passed in the strict performance of every moral and religious duty; in the cultivation of a small farm, and the delights which accomplished and well regulated minds derive from the practice of those elegant resources, and rational amusements, that enable so many persons to live at a distance from the frivolities of the world, and "grow old with a good grace."

As Captain, or, as he then chose to be stiled, plain Mr. Chesterton, had mixed much with the world during the course of forty years he had served in a military capacity in different quarters of the globe, he had acquired the easy manners and the liberal ideas which persons of good sense and discriminating judgment usually gain, in an extensive intercourse with society; and, as he conversed with the freedom of an old acquaintance, Montravers readily perceived that he possessed a liberality of opinions and sentiments, not always attendant on seclusions from the world; and that he made every allowance for the manners of the age, while he judiciously marked the progress of evil, condemned the vices of a too great proportion of mankind, and ridiculed the follies of the gay, with drollery and just satire.

"You will be better entertained, I trust, tomorrow," said he, as he led the way to an apartment that had been some time prepared for Montravers to repose in, after the fatigues of his journey; "I then expect the return of my niece and daughter, who have been for some days past upon a visit to a family with whom we are on terms of intimacy, and who reside at the distance of several miles from this, our sequestered valley. But," added he, in a tone of jocular, "I advise you to guard your heart, if it is not already in possession of some amiable fair one; for these 'wood nymphs wild' are possessed of transcendent beauty, like all heroines in such secluded situations, and are withal wonderfully accomplished, amiable, and so forth."

Montravers smiled, and, with an air of gaiety, assured the worthy old gentleman he had hitherto found it no difficult task to preserve his heart, even in the circles where the united charms of youth, beauty and accomplishments, had frequently assailed him; but there was no answering," he added, "how powerful the combination might prove, when displayed by the graceful nymphs of the Cottage near the banks of Coniston Water: then, shaking hands with his hospitable entertainer, he hastened to take possession of an excellent bed, prepared for his reception, and very shortly enjoyed a sound repose, from which he awoke not, till the day had past its meridian, and the fair damsels were arrived, and had listened with surprise, not unmixed with pleasure, to Mr. Chesterton's recital of the unexpected visit of his agreeable and highly polished guest.

The heav'ns have clouds, and spots are in the moon,  
But faultless beauty shines in her alone:

Lavinia Chesterton was about the age of nineteen, at the period when our tale commences, and was likewise what the generality of persons, at least those who are admirers of fair complexions, would have termed exquisitely beautiful. Her skin was white as alabaster; her eyes of the loveliest blue, shaded by silken eye-lashes, of the colour of her hair, which was that of a lightish brown, waving in graceful, luxuriant ringlets over her fair and polished forehead, while it was braided taste-

fully round her head, or slightly fastened up with a comb, displaying its brightness and profusion in the most charming manner imaginable; her complexion, were we inclined to be poetical, we should say, vied with the opening rose, and was heightened to the most beautiful glow that fancy could picture, by air, or gentle exercise; while her graceful, sylph-like figure displayed innumerable charms in every movement of her finely formed limbs, with graces far beyond those which in general are acquired by the "fixed and settled rules" of expensive, fashionable moulders of female elegance. Her voice was sweetness itself; it "was soft as Summer winds," and there was a charming naivete, a playful vivacity in her manners, which rendered her peculiarly interesting, and completed the impression her beauty rarely failed of making on all beholders.

Her cousin Amelia Fitzormond, was a year older than Lavinia, and of a much more sedate and retired turn of mind. In person she was neither so finely formed, nor so slight made; but she was considerably taller, more dignified in appearance, and possessing a countenance strongly marked by good sense, sensibility and good humour, with a clear brown skin, enlivened by a fine complexion, an excellent set of teeth, and eyes of hazle, expressing every movement of her soul; to which were added, manners of the most affable and engaging kind; a fund of good natured drollery, and a sound understanding. In a word, Amelia was the amiable interesting woman at twenty with a mind and person whose attractions time was more likely to contribute towards adorning, than diminishing; while Lavinia, though so nearly of the same age, was the mere lively, playful girl, wafted along by every passing gale; now sad, now full of glee and animated; "every thing by turns, and nothing long" and likely only to fascinate by her beauty, and vivacity: while Amelia's graver virtues and endowments stole upon the heart, and fixed the influence, which her mental qualities had gained.

Of accomplishments, both were in possession of more than ordinary portions; but Amelia had made the greatest proficiency in those branches to which she had given her attention. She played with taste and execution on the Piano Forte. She drew correctly and pleasingly. She was a proficient in the French, and not entirely ignorant of the Italian language. She read well, and spoke with fluency; but she could neither frisk about with a tambourine, display attitudes over a harp, nor cut capers a la Deshayes, or Parissot; in all which more tonish acquirement, Lavinia, (who had passed three years in London just before her father's retirement from the army, with an aunt, who said she would leave her a large fortune, but forgot to alter her will ere she gave up the ghost on returning from a party at the opera,) was said to excel; though, to own the truth, she knew little about the ordinary sciences of reading, writing, spelling, and soon,



he could, however, dash through a sonata, on the Piano, Forte, very tolerably; and having naturally a taste for drawing, could sketch prettily, and even execute some transparencies in a very tasteful manner. In a word, Amelia's accomplishments were like her qualities of the mind, more solid and worthy of admiration, than those of her gayer cousin; who was on the rack of curiosity to be introduced to Montravers, and become personally acquainted with one in whose praises her father had been more than usually eloquent.

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Our happiness depends so much upon others we have only a chance of it in this world.

AS my old friend Hotkins and myself were comfortably seated one winter's evening, recounting the pleasures and disappointments of our youth, he very gravely pulled out his watch, saying it was twelve o'clock, and time for us old fellows to forget the follies of the past, and go to bed and rest our weary limbs: but I stirred the fire which was almost out, adding more wood, with a desire and request that he would stay a little longer: well, as he was a good creature, at my earnest solicitation, he re-seated himself and related the following circumstance which happened within his memory.—Suffer me reader to tell you first, how forcibly it sharpened the edge of sorrow within my own breast, which has been my constant companion for many years. "Keep this blue flower," yes, Maria, had I respected thy solemn injunction, had I not neglected the blue flower which thou gavest me, in the modest simplicity of thy tender heart; and caused the delicacy of thy mind (overburdened with an affectionate sensibility towards me) to give way to the blast of my cruel neglect. Yes, but for that, perhaps thou wouldst still have been an inhabitant of this world: thou wouldst have been my companion and supporter in the hour of sickness and danger; thou wouldst have smoothed the thorny path of my declining years, and been my prop in every distress: but thou hast long been taken from this world of cares, peace to thy gentle spirit, which has joined its kindred in the mansions of the blest; but heaven has ordered it otherwise, and oh! I have sacrificed my happiness in this world for the sake of obtaining a wealthy wife, who is the scourge of my life and a disgrace to my name. This being ended, my old friend, to beguile a winter's evening, gave the following relation:

It is probable, says he, you recollect my old and respectable acquaintance capt. Burgess. I have no knowledge of him I replied: well then continued he, My friend had a daughter of a most pleasing appearance and amiable disposition, on whom he had bestowed every advantage of education; and being an only child, her parents were doatingly fond of her. For some time the son of a neighbouring gentleman had paid her much attention, but had given her no reason to suppose herself the object of his affection. However, one afternoon, as they were sitting in the parlour, he thus addressed her: To-morrow, says he, in an air of dejection, I am to set out with my father on his intended journey to the north, and will you Jane, promise me faithfully that you will keep this pledge of my affection which I

have purposely drawn for you: will you keep it until I see you again? circumstances prevent me explaining my desire that you should keep it. Yes, William, says she, (with a look which gave him reason to think she knew the full value of the deposit) I will keep it, and that most religiously. Some months after the departure of the young man, she was seized with the small-pox, which baffled the skill of her physicians, when this lovely victim to this ill-fated disease, found that her end was fast approaching, and that her dear parents were inconsolable at the idea of losing her, she begged them to consider that she was only setting out on a journey a little while before them, and that they would be sure to overtake her: she would wait for them if it was in her power as she found herself happy in peace with her maker; she said she had no wish in this world ungratified except that of seeing her beloved William: she had his flower in her hand, and begged it might not be taken from her when she was dead; in a few moments after, this affectionate daughter expired on the bosom of her distressed mother. It would be in vain to represent the feelings of the young man on his return; suffice it to say, that the image of his Jane was so deeply impressed in his heart, that he could never admit a second to take possession of it, and often in his more advanced years, when he has been surrounded with mirth and gaiety, the idea of her would cross his mind, and he has been obliged to withdraw from observation, to indulge his feelings and pay a tribute to her memory.

#### THE LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

THAT which it seems proper for me to inform thee of is—that the *Roman* or *Latin* tongue appears like an old antiquated mother, thrust out of doors by her four ungrateful daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spanish*, and *Portuguese*. These are her natural offspring, begot during the *Roman* conquests in the west, and degenerating after that empire was in its decline. So that they now are taken for no better than *mongrels* and *bastards*. In *Spanish* there is a great mixture of *Gothish* and *Moresco* words; the *French* retain many of their old *Gaulish* idioms. The *Italian* is corrupted with a hotch-potch of words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns*, and *Longobards*. Yet that fault is recompensed by abundance of *Greek* etymologies. As for the *Portuguese*, it is but a dialect of the *Spanish*, and lies under the same imperfections.

The only pure *maternal languages* now current among the common people in any part of Europe, are the *Teutonic*, *Scalvonic* and *British*, the first is spoken in *Germany* to perfection, but corruptly in *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, and the *United Provinces*. The second is common to the *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Poles*, *Russians*, and many other nations. The last is confined to the *Welsh*, a people inhabiting a corner of *Great-Britain*, driven thither by the victorious *Saxons*, their conquerors, above a thousand years ago. As for the rest, they are only mixed dialects, and so not worth taking notice of, excepting one mountainous part of *Spain*, where the inhabitants are said to speak pure *Arabic* at this day. The are supposed to be a remnant of the *Moors*.

The Western critics used to give these following rules, in reference to languages. If you would address God, speak in *Greek* and

*Latin*, because of their antiquity, purity, and majestic loftiness; if to Kings, speak in *Spanish*, in regard of its slow pronunciation and gravity; if to men, use *Italian*; if to women, *French*; to dogs, *Welsh*; but if you would affright an enemy, or the devil himself, speak *High Dutch*. They relate a story of a *German* ambassador at the *French* court, who delivered his message in *Teutonic*, which, when a certain Grandee heard, and took notice of its harsh and strong emphasis, he swore it was his opinion, that this was the language wherein God cursed *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The *German* turning to him, answered him briskly, 'Tis possible, Monsieur, it may be so, but then I hope you'll grant, that *French* was the occasion of this curse, when the devil chose to tempt *Eve* in that language, for its effeminacy wheedling her, *a-la-mode de Paris*, to eat the forbidden fruit.'

## Variety.

#### BEAUTY.

Socrates calls it a short lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of Nature; Aristotle, one of the most precious gifts of Nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the best letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it. After this most scientific display of quotations all bristled with *Greek* names, may be added the definitions of a modern author, who calls it—"a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish."

#### COQUETTE.

ONE who wants to engage the men, without engaging herself, whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, amiable; though a composition of levity and vanity. She resembles a fire-eater, who makes a show of handling, and even chewing, of live coals, without receiving any damage from the fire: but, whatever may be their pretended insensibility, they have their critical moments as well as others.

#### ON POSITIVENESS OF OPINION.

IT was the observation of a very virtuous and elegant writer, that no one should be provoked at opinions different from his own. Some persons are so confident they are in the right, that they will not come within the hearing of any notions but their own. They canton out to themselves a little province in the intellectual world where they fancy the light shines, and all the rest is in darkness. They never venture into the ocean of knowledge, nor survey the riches of other minds, which are as solid and as useful, and, perhaps, are finer gold than what they ever possessed. Let no man imagine there is no certain truth but in the sciences which he studies, and among that party in which he was born and educated.

A coffer without a lock shows that it contains no treasure; as a mouth always opens, denotes an empty brain.



## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1814.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE British schr. Bramble, bearing a flag of truce, arrived at Annapolis on the 30th ult. in 42 days from Plymouth, (Eng.) which she left about the 20th of Nov. This vessel has brought despatches to our government, it is said of a Pacific complexion, growing out of some correspondence which is said to have taken place between our Ministers in Russia and Lord Walpole and Mr. Morier, on the part of the British government; it is said that Great-Britain has proposed an armistice to settle the differences between the two countries, without the interference of any other power.

The Prince Regent in his late speech to the British Parliament, respecting America, says, "It is known to the world that this country was not the aggressor in this war: I have not hitherto seen any disposition on the part of the government of the United States to close it, of which I could avail myself consistently with a due attention to the interests of his majesty's subjects."

"I am at all times ready to enter into discussions with that government for a conciliatory adjustment of the differences between the two countries, upon principles of perfect reciprocity not inconsistent with the established maxims of public law, and with the maritime rights of the British empire."

By the above arrival the British official account of the decisive defeat of Bonaparte is received: the actions were fought on the 16th, 18th, and 19th of October, during which time Bonaparte is said to have lost 80,000 men and nearly 200 pieces of cannon. The following is the London summary of these battles:

**First Battle.** After a hard and sanguinary action, which continued for some hours, Ney was defeated, with the loss of 12,000 men.

**Second Battle.** This battle, fought on the same day as the first, was equally well contested and bloody. But at length Bonaparte succeeded in breaking through the centre of the prince of Schwartzburg's army, by bringing up the whole of his cavalry, under Murat. The allies then brought up their reserve, and drove Bonaparte back upon the point he occupied before he pierced the prince of Schwartzburg's centre. The battle terminated at night, and both armies remained in sight of each other, without either having gained any material advantage. On the 17th, they prepared for the more important battle that was to take place next day.

**Third Battle.** On the 18th, the allies having collected and concentrated their forces under the crown prince and Blucher, and the prince of Schwartzburg, attacked Bonaparte in all his positions. He fought with the determination, the desperation, that a man may be supposed to have, who feels that his crown perhaps depends upon the issue of the conflict. But his obstinacy, his talents, his skill, were unavailing. He was defeated with the loss of about 40,000 men, and nearly 200 pieces of cannon.

**Leipsic Stormed.** Without giving the enemy a day's respite, the allies advanced to Leipsic the day after their glorious victory, and after a most bloody resistance, took it by storm, with 30,000 prisoners, and a great number of cannon, ammunition, waggon, &c.—Thus, in four days, Bonaparte's army was reduced one half, a more rapid and enormous loss than he sustained in the same space of time, even in his calamitous campaign in Russia.

Loss on the 16th, by Ney,	12,000
on the 18th, by Bonaparte in person,	40,000
on the 19th, in storming of Leipsic,	30,000

Total, 82,000

Driven from Leipsic, Bonaparte attempted to retreat by Erfurth, the direct road to the Rhine. He failed, as the road was already occupied by his conquerors. He then, with the wreck and remnant of his army, took the road to Brunswick, and the allies in pursuit of him.

The French generals Regnier, Lauriston, Bertrand, Valarey, and Brune are killed, Poniatowsky was drowned in attempting to escape cross the Saale.—McDonald and Souham are said to be prisoners; and the whole number of French generals killed, wounded and taken amount to 20. [The loss of the allies in these bloody engagements are not given; but we may readily conceive that in doing so much, their loss in killed and wounded must have been proportionably great.]

During one of the engagements 17 battalions of the Bavarians, with all their officers, went over to the allies, and immediately acted against Napoleon.

The royal family of Saxony were taken in a charge headed by the Crown Prince.

Papers by the schr. Canso, via Halifax, to the 14th, Nov. mentions the retreat of Bonaparte as far as Mentz, on the Rhine, with 20 to 30,000 men.

Intelligence, by express to the governor, has reached Albany, with the distressing intelligence that the enemy had burnt the villages of Buffalo and Black Rock, on the 30th December; thus laying waste the whole Niagara frontier. A Mrs. Lovejoy is said to have been killed by the Indians, and that Col. Chapin was taken prisoner at his own house. They also burned four small armed schooners. Gen. Hall, who defended Buffalo with a body of militia, says, in a letter to Gov. Tompkins, "They enemy were met by the militia under my command with spirit, but overpowered by numbers and discipline, the militia gave way and fled on every side; every attempt to rally them was ineffectual. The enemy's purpose was obtained, and the flourishing village of Buffalo is in ruins. The Niagara frontier now lies open and naked to our enemies."

Intelligence has been received at Mobile, stating positively that a large British force had arrived at Pensacola, consisting of seven sail of ships of war, two bomb vessels, and some troops.

The British commander in chief in Canada, has lately issued an order for putting the whole of the American officers in his possession into close confinement, in retaliation for the 46 British officers confined on the same score by order of the President.

The American ship John and James, with 1000 bbls. of oil, and the ship Lion, with a similar cargo, both belonging to Nantucket, have been captured on their way home from the coast of Chili.

The United States frigate Constitution, Capt. Stewart, sailed from Boston on a cruise the 31st ult. The account published last week of the Macedonian's leaving New-London, appears to be incorrect.

Two men have been arrested at New-London as spies. They appeared like genteel strangers; one a well dressed man, the other in woman's clothing, apparently man and wife; in this situation they had been on board our frigates, and after inspecting Fort Griswold, was in the act of returning, when a woman in the Fort observed to an officer she did not believe the stranger in woman's clothes was a female. They were arrested, examined, and both found to be men; and accordingly were put in irons. One is said to be a lieutenant of the Valiant, 74.

On Wednesday morning about 1 o'clock, a fire broke out, it is said, in a Stable in the rear of Beekman-street near St. George's Chapel, which communicated the flames to the adjoining buildings, and from the excessive heat of the fire to the rear end of that venerable pile, St. George's Chapel, which it is said was several times extinguished, but by 2 o'clock was beyond the reach of prevention, and by half past three the massy steeple fell with a tremendous crash into the body of the church, providentially for the neighbouring houses, without injuring a single person. The bell rung till the last moment of safety, and the clock struck two just before the thickening flames closed its movements. The loss in this noble building has been estimated at 100,000 dollars; tho' perhaps 150,000 dollars will not more than replace it.

In Beekman St. No. 25, belonging to Mr. Thomas Burling, and occupied by Mr. David Loring, as a cabinet ware-house, was destroyed. The house No. 27, occupied as a boarding-house by Mrs. Baker, and No. 29, occupied by Mrs. Mercereau and Mr. Purdy, nearly consumed. Mr. Timpson's cabinet ware-house, and Mr. Haywood's carpenter shop, in the rear, burnt.

In the rear of Ferry St. two back buildings, and a quantity of leather. A quantity of tobacco of Mr. P. Lorillard's, and oil belonging to Mr. Peter Young.—And in Cliff St. the dwelling-house of the Manumission Society, occupied also as the African Free School.—Also, a quantity of beef, stored in the rear of Cliff St. and a large quantity of vinegar, in a yard, in the rear of Beekman St. belonging to Mr. Hamilton, destroyed. Several of the neighbouring houses were frequently on fire, from the cinders from the steeple of St. George's, which flew to an immense distance to the southward, and nothing but the snow which fortunately had just fallen and covered the roofs of the buildings, prevented a greater extent of the conflagration.

The spectacle from the height and brightness of the flames, and on the falling of the steeple, was awfully magnificent; but the next morning presented a melancholy and massy pile of ruins.

By the falling of Mr. Burling's house, occupied by Mr. Loring, three were very much injured, and Mr. Gerardus Burger, and Mr. George W. Gosman, we understand, dangerously. [Columbian.]

On Sunday evening about 10 o'clock a fire broke out at Brooklyn, near the lower ferry, in a Stable in the rear of Mr. Mott's tavern, and before it could be got under, destroyed eleven buildings of different descriptions and 4 horses.

A letter from an officer of the United States army at Camp Pinckney to a gentleman in Georgia, dated 7th ult. gives information, that the patriots and royalists of East Florida are about to compromise their quarrel as follows: The royalists propose to give up to the patriots the land on the north of St. John's, comprising about half the province, and grant a general amnesty. The legislative council of the patriots had been convened to deliberate on this proposal, and appointed general Harris and Col. Dill to confer with the Spanish agents at Point Peter on the 11th ult.—

An armistice has been agreed on till the 15th ult. and it is supposed their differences will be finally settled.

## Nuptial.

## MARRIED,

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Silas Butler, merchant of the city of Washington, to Miss Phoebe Waldron, of this city.

At Blooming-grove, Orange county, by the rev. Mr. Rafferty, Mr. Moses Ely of that village, to the amiable Miss Betsey Coleman, late of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. James Bogart, to Miss Sarah Nostrand, daughter of Mr. Timothy Nostrand, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Bartow, Capt. Joseph Skinner, jun. of New-London, to Miss Phoebe Tredwell, daughter of Capt. John Tredwell, of East Chester.

## Obituary.

## DIED,

Mr. David Titus, a respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 71.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Lucy Rezeau, wife of Jacob Rezeau.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Francis Dupont, a native of France.

Mrs. Magdalene Warner, wife of Mr. Geo. Warner aged 69.

At Greensburgh, Westchester County, Mr. Elijah Tompkins, aged 52, brother to his Excellency the Governor.

At Philadelphia, Robert Patton, esq. Post Master of that place.

At Carlisle, (Penns.) Suddenly Gen. Wm. Alexander, aged 66.

At York Town, Westchester County, the 2nd inst. Robert Lang, esq. aged 78, father of the senior editor of the New-York Gazette.

At Marietta, (Ohio.) David Everet esq. editor of the American Friend.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 35 persons, for the week ending the 2nd inst.



## Seat of the Muses.

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

### THE COTTAGERS.

EMBOSOM'D round with circling hills,  
Lorenzo's cottage stood;  
Where beauty all the landscape fills,  
Hemm'd in with groves of wood.

For, though he was a scholar bright,  
And felt the Muses' fire,  
Nought could so much his soul delight,  
As Nature's rude attire.

Disgusted with the world's deceit,  
Its vanity and pride,  
He chose this sylvan still retreat,  
Where Love and Peace reside.

The pine and hemlock's gloomy shade,  
Dispers'd beneath his toil;  
His fire and steel; his plough and spade,  
Soon made the desert smile.

He planted groves, and myrtle bow'rs,  
The glebe he sow'd with grain;  
He led the rills among the flow'rs,  
That deck'd the smiling plain.

The vines, soft twining round the trees,  
Display their golden fruits;  
And Musick, floating on the breeze,  
The raptur'd ear salutes.

Soft plots of grass and herbage green,  
A river's bank bestow'd,  
While through its foliage glitt'ring seen,  
Its gentle current flow'd.

As erst in Eden's blest abode,  
Two saint-like lovers dwelt,  
When nought but beauty, nature show'd,  
And nought but joy was felt.

So in this verdant, cultur'd vale,  
The "dancing Loves" resort,  
Lorenzo and his fair Rosale,  
From morn till ev'ning wrought.

Their love was not the Meteor's blaze,  
That raves and disappears;  
But mutual Friendship's purest rays,  
Increasing with their years.

Secluded from the world's turmoil,  
And all its empty show,  
He fed his flocks and till'd the soil,  
Whence blessings round him flow.

And while the birds their carols sung,  
And lambskins join'd in play;  
While Nature's beauties round him hung—  
Thus would Lorenzo say,

"What charms have grandeur, wealth or fame  
When once compar'd to these!  
"And what is honour but a name,  
"The giddy mind to please!"

"And what is learning's boasted pride!  
"The fulsome pedant's theme,  
"With strife and envy by its side,  
"It proves a mad'ning dream.

"But here, within the bowers of peace,  
"Are pleasures more refin'd,  
"And works of Nature never cease,  
"To instruct a virtuous mind.

"Let war's dread banner be unfurl'd,  
"And statesmen rant and bawl—  
"Let factions split the jarring world,  
"And states and empires fall;

"Let storms of passion rock the earth,  
"And fraud, and vice prevail—  
"Yet peace, sweet innocence and mirth,  
"Reign in this happy vale."

SPOKEN IMPROMPTU ON THE LEAPLESS SEASON.

SO hard the times, so bare, so cold,  
That Nature sorrow shows;  
For strip'd of all her pride, behold  
The woods and fields disrob'd.

### CANZONET.

Since in this dreary vale of tears  
No certainty but death appears,  
Why should we waste our vernal years  
In hoarding useless treasure?  
No—let the young and ardent mind  
Become the friend of human kind,  
And in the generous service find  
A source of purest pleasure!

Better to live despis'd and poor,  
Than *guilt's* eternal stings endure;  
The future smile of God shall cure  
The wound of earthly woes.  
Vain world! did we but rightly feel  
What ills thy treacherous charms conceal  
How would we long from thee to steal  
To death—and sweet repose!

### INDIFFERENCE.

WHY, what are woman's frowns to me,  
Her nods and wry grimaces?  
I care not for them all you see,  
Nor court her fond embraces.

Let others, slaves to beauty, prize  
A fair one's kind advances;  
Think truth exists in both her eyes,  
And smiles in all her glances.

Soon, soon they'll curse the Syren's wiles,  
And rashness so ill-fated;  
That made them slaves to woman's smiles,  
And looks by Cupid baited.

Love, once indeed, for me had charms,  
But now far off he hies him;  
I laugh at all his fond alarms,  
And carelessly despise him.

My heart again shall never feel  
What beauty strives to teach it;  
I'll ease it round with triple steel,  
And Love shall never reach it.

## Morality.

### CHARITY.

THE same charity which is desirous of doing the utmost for the benefit of its poor neighbor, is likewise very ingenious in devising the ways and means of doing it—And though, in the present state of society, it be not required that the opulent should sell their possessions, and divide the produce among the indigent, or that persons of all ranks and conditions should live in the same style; yet surely, no one can survey the world, as it goes now among us, without being of opinion, that something—and that very far from inconsiderable—something, I say, might be retrenched from the expenses of building, something from those of furniture, something from those of dress, something from those of the table, something from those of diversions and amusements, public and private, for the relief and consolation of the many, who have neither a cottage to inhabit, garment to cover them, bread to eat, medicine to heal them, nor any one circumstance in life to lighten their load of misery, or cheer the sorrowful and desponding souls, in the day of calamity and affliction. Certainly a man would be no loser, who should sometimes sit down to a less profuse and costly board at home, if at his going abroad, "when the ear heard him, that it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him: if the blessings of him that was ready to perish came upon him and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—Beneficence is the most exquisite luxury, and the good man, after all, is the genuine epicure.

[Bishop Horne.]

### PUBLIC PREJUDICES.

WE esteem things according to their intrinsic merit: it is strange man should be an exception. We prize a horse for his strength and courage, not for his furniture. We prize a man for his sumptuous palace, his great train, his vast revenue; yet these are his furniture, not his mind.

The riches, nay the dress of the speaker, will recommend the most trifling thoughts: his motions and grimaces appear of importance. It cannot be, we think, but that the man who enjoys so many posts and preferments, who is so haughty and high-spirited, must know more than the common people.

Let a man of the most moderate parts be raised to an exalted station, and our heart comes to be insensibly filled with awe, distance, and respect. Let him sink down again among the crowd, and we are surprised what hath become of his good qualities.

Let not the pomp that surrounds the great dazzle your understanding. The prince, so magnificent in the splendour of a court, appears behind the curtain but a common man. Irresolution and care haunt him as much as another, and fear lays hold of him in the midst of his guards.

The true conveniences of life are common to the king with his meanest subject. The king's sleep is not sweeter, nor his appetite better.

## Anecdotes.

The late Lord Barrymore, who had as many odd pranks as most men, was once riding through Abingdon, when seeing an old woman standing in the street, and looking at him with a face of inquiry, as if to know who he was, he determined to have a little talk with her, and thus opened his address. "I am told, Madam, that Mr. Esculapius, the apothecary of your town, is dead, and that Mr. Boreas has married the widow."—"Lord, sir, I never heard of the gentlefolks; there was an outlandish person that travelled this country some years ago with some such cramp name as *Borus*, who I am told, is settled in the *North*." "He did wisely, as he could not find any point in the compass so congenial to his purposes; suffer me to ask you, madam, if you ever see any of his children, in these parts, Master *Zephyrus* or *Favonius*, or the little *Breezes*?" "He never had but one son, sir, and they say he lives in Lunnun, in Houndsditch." "Houndsditch! that is as much as to say, Madam, that the young gentleman is gone to the dogs." "A nan, sir." "My dear lady, I did not mean that for a nan, but a sally."

An Irishman passing by St. Paul's church, in London, exclaimed, looking at his watch—"Och, if here isn't my little watch, made by cousin O'Flannagan, of Cork, and if it hasn't beat your big clock here by more than two hours since yesterday morning."

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